McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXIII | SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1886. | NUMBER 7

McKean County Miner

L. HINES, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via S., N. Y. & P. R. leaves at 11:15 a. m., and arrives at 12:15 p. m., and leaves at 8:00 a. m., and 6:30 p. m.

Mail via P. R. & S. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., and leaves at 8:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Clermont & Cyclorama Mail leaves at 1:15 p. m. and arrives at 3:30 p. m.

Keating Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 p. m., and departs at 9 a. m. of same day.

Mails close 30 minutes before leaving time.

Money Orders will not be issued or Letters Registered between 12 m. and 1:30 p. m.

Office open every day except Sunday for delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

M. A. SPENCER, P. M.

Lodges Directory

F. & A. M.

McKEAN Lodge, No. 261, A. M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings. Each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Eccles Block, Main street.

H. P. HOWELL, W. M.

C. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Silver Spring Lodge, No. 161, meets every second, fourth and third Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Eccles Block.

WARLEY GIFFORD, M. W.

J. C. BACKUS, Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post 32, G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Eccles Block.

H. L. SCHLING-MEL, Adj't.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at Perkins Hall.

W. H. HOWARD, N. G.

G. W. GROSCH, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Hatch Block.

LEWIS BARNES, Com.

M. B. CHURCH, R. K.

Churches.

Methodist—Rev. BRADLEY, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath-school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Love-Feast immediately after the morning service.

Episcopal—J. HERON MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Additional service at 4 p. m. on the first Sunday of each month. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, J. J. CAVANAUGH, Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 11 o'clock for low. Mass at 11 a. m. Sermon at 10 a. m. Sunday-School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Thoroughfare Churches.

Baptist—J. C. Backus.

Asst. Baptist—Mr. ——.

Church—A. B. Armstrong, Chas. Kenyon, A. D. Burbank, John Brennan, S. J. Gifford, Chris Sherer.

Constable—Frank McGarvey.

School Directors—H. L. Hickox, J. W. Brennan, J. C. Backus, R. L. Keenan, H. E. Wilson, Chas Sauer.

Justices—A. M. Smith, P. Steel.

Auditors—John Forrest, T. F. Richmond.

Poormasters—J. C. Hamlin, Frank Mixsell.

Judge of Election—A. Powell.

Inspectors—I. A. Burdick, W. W. Ostrander.

Assessor—Daniel Everett.

Assistant Assessors—Amos Blough, Warley Gifford.

Collateral Directory

DISTRICT AND COURTS.

President Judge—A. C. Olmsted, Coudersport, Potter Co.

Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport; Alexander Brown, Port Allegany.

District Attorney—T. M. Fuller, Smethport.

Member of Congress—W. W. Brown, Bradford.

State Senator—L. Emery, Jr., Bradford.

Member of Assembly—H. H. Rose, Smethport.

Prothonotary, Register, Recorder, Sheriff—Samuel Kessler, Smethport.

Sheriff—A. P. Ransom, Smethport.

Prothonotary—J. M. Mead, Smethport.

County Treasurer—W. C. Allen, Smethport.

County Commissioners—W. C. Allen, Smethport; Geo. Hall, W. D. Allen, Smethport; S. A. Rice, Lloyd A. Bailey, Smethport.

County Auditors—John Forrest, Smethport; Daniel Hall, John Mixsell, Smethport.

County Surveyor—D. F. Parmelee, E. E. Clark.

Jury Commissioners—A. P. Ransom, Thos. Osborn, L. N. Barrett.

Mercantile Appraiser—E. F. Barden, Eldred.

Coroner—E. A. Dempsey, Bradford.

County Sch. Superintendent—M. S. Campbell, Smethport.

Sheriff's Proclamation—Court—Fourth Monday in January, May and September, and Third Monday in December.

Grand Jurors.

Foreman—Robert W. Pettibone.

Eldred Township—Chauncey F. Rice.

Lafayette Township—Benjamin Niles.

Norwich Township—Wm. Lilley.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. Simpson Africa.

Physicians.

Brown & Shurtleff.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, office, in Wright House, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Mayhew.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in H. H. Mayhew's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. D. Hammond.

SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence from 12 to 2 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

H. J. Shurtleff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Rooms at Residence of Rockwell House, Smethport, Pa.

Edwin Evans.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Keating, Pa. Will go over to Eldred & Western Railroad connection daily. Telephone call from Davis' store and house.

S. A. Bishop,

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT, Smethport, Pa.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

IT IS A SPECIFIC for Kidney & Liver Troubles, Malarial Fevers and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Generated Diseases.

IT IS RELIABLE in curing Diseases of the Back, Loins or Kidneys, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

IT WORKS PROMPTLY and cures Intemperance, Want of Energy, Nervousness, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Chills and Fever, Blotches on the Skin, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Blood Poisoning, Female Complaints, Dizziness, Sinking Spells or Pains in the Side, Back or Limbs.

USE IT AT ONCE.

It restores the KIDNEYS, LIVER and POWERFUL to healthy action. Cures of cases of all other remedies have failed. Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from those who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Pamphlets free. Send for Illustrated Pamphlets to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

TO BE SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Special Preliminary Book on Bright's Disease and its cure, sent promptly on receipt of stamp.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Hamlin & Barnett.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late firm of Olmsted & Hamlin. Refer to C. C. Olmsted, Coudersport, Pa.; H. McKean, Bradford; Cameron, Clinton and Elk counties.

Barnett & Rose.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Barnett & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Olmsted & Rose.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin & Barnett.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Olmsted & Rose.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Blackham & Goodyear.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Ravenscroft.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Orr & Kennedy.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Morrison & Angier.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

Mitchell & Schoonmaker.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Smethport, Pa. Will practice in all the Courts of McKean county.

W. P. Chapman & Son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office Adjoining Court House, Smethport, Pa.

J. Ford.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

J. K. Wallace.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bradford, Pa. Claims promptly collected.

H. W. SWEASEY. W. H. SIKES.

Sweasey & Sykes.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Room 3, Corydon Block, Bradford, Pa.

Geo. A. Sturgeon.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Bradford, Pa. Claims promptly collected.

A. CROSWELL. C. SCOTT.

Croswell & Scott.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Bradford, Pa.

Griffin & Mac Farlane.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Corner Main and Pine Sts., Bradford, Pa.

James C. Sheppard.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

D. M. Mayo.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office in Rooms lately occupied by Olmsted & Hamlin, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Collier.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to business entrusted to his care.

Jay Clark & Co's Collateral.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office, Court House, Main street, Smethport, Pa. Collections promptly made in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The new and beautiful Square Parlor Stove

"PRISCILLA."

Before buying ask your dealer to show you this beautiful design. If he hasn't it, have him send for sample at once. Or send us

Twenty Dollars

and we will promptly ship you a No. 2 size (suitable for ordinary parlor) with full nickel ornamentation. Every stove fully guaranteed in construction, workmanship and practical operation. The "Priscilla" is made only by

Lehigh Stove & M'f'g Co.,

LEHIGHTON, PENN.

J. C. HAMLIN,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

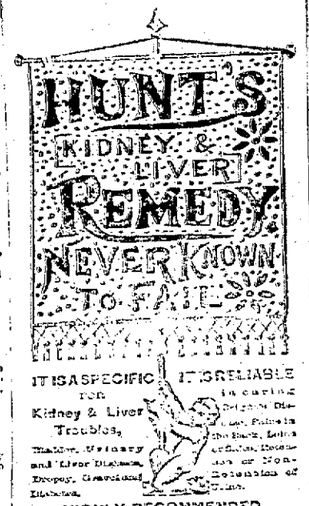
JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower, than they can get them in any other store in the county.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

Of extra ability and experience, to take general supervising agencies, to deal and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) in what their experience, etc. HENRY HUCKEL & CO., 80 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MY LADY'S MONEY

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL.

PART THE FIRST.

THE DISAPPEARANCE.

CHAPTER V.

"Well," said Isabel, eagerly, "what does Mr. Hardyman say? Does he think he can cure Tommie?"

Moody answered a little coldly and stiffly. His dark, deeply set eyes rested on Isabel with an uneasy look.

"Mr. Hardyman seems to understand epilepsy," he said. "He lifted the dog's eyelid and looked at his eyes, and then he told me the truth was useless."

"Go on," said Isabel, impatiently. "He did something, I suppose, besides telling you that the truth was useless."

"He took a knife out of his pocket, with a hatred in it."

Isabel clasped her hands with a faint cry of horror. "Oh, Mr. Moody, did he hurt Tommie?"

"Hurt him?" Moody repeated, half-musing at the interest which he felt in a mongrel and the gladness which he felt in the cruel towards the man to whom he owed his position. "Hurt him, indeed!" Mr. Hardyman liked the brute—"

"Brute!" Isabel reiterated, with flashing eyes. "I know some people, Mr. Moody, who really deserve to be cut up by that horrid word. If you can't say 'Tommie,' when you speak of him in my presence, be as good as to say 'the dog.'"

Moody replied with the worst possible [illegible] very well. Mr. Hardyman [illegible] brought him to his senses [illegible] to tell you—" He [illegible] which he was in- [illegible] favourable opinion of you to his [illegible]

The steward [illegible] With the arrival of [illegible] Isabel's interest in Tommie had [illegible] At last the unpronounceable [illegible] of the room at last he [illegible] Her unspoken love, for it was [illegible] to be checked by [illegible] words. It was [illegible] Moody [illegible] a woman with raw knowledge of the natures [illegible] Young, gifted, and inexperienced, Isabel [illegible] the flippant impulses of the moment, [illegible] the night of the misgivings. "I'm sure it's very kind of Mr. Hardyman to speak favourably of me," she said, with a sort little laugh. "I hope you are not jealous of him, Mr. Moody?"

Moody was in no humor to make allowances for the unheeded gayety of youth and spirits. "I hate any man who is a favourite with you," he burst out, passionately, "as much as he hates me."

Isabel looked at her steward in horror with unaffected astonishment. How unlike Mr. Hardyman, who had treated her as a lady from first to last. "What an odd man you are!" she said. "You can't take a joke. I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you."

"You have offended me, you do worse, you distress me."

Isabel's color began to rise. The mercurial child out of her face—she looked at Moody gravely. "I don't like to be accused of distressing people when I don't deserve it," she said. "I had better leave you. Let me be, if you please."

Having committed one error in offending her, Moody committed another in attempting to make his peace with her. Acting under the fear that she would really leave him, he took her forcibly by the arm.

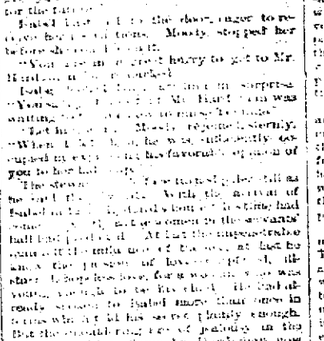
"You are always trying to get away from me," he said. "I wish I knew how to make you like me, Isabel."

"I don't allow you to call me Isabel!" she retorted, struggling to free herself from his hold. "Let go of my arm. You hurt me."

Moody dropped it, turned away from her, and walked to the window. "I don't know how to deal with you," he said, coldly. "How can you pity me?"

If the steward had known anything of women or Isabel, he would never have suggested to her more by the pious platitude that all you have to say to a man is made [illegible] say now." What a fear you must have [illegible] her shoulders and put her hands respectfully into the pockets of her apron. That was how she pulled him; his face turned paler and paler—he writhed in her if.

"For God's sake don't turn everything I say to you into ridicule!" he cried. "You know I love you with all my heart and soul. Again and again I have asked you to be my wife, and you laugh at me as if it was a joke. I haven't deserved to be treated in that cruel way. It maddens me—I can't endure it!"



"It maddens me—I can't endure it."

Isabel looked down at the floor, and followed the lines in the pattern of the carpet with the end of her smart little shoe. She could hardly have been farther away from really understanding Moody if he had spoken in Hebrew. She was partly startled, partly puzzled by the strong emotions which she had unconsciously called into being. "Oh, dear me!" she said, "why can't you talk of something else? Why can't we be friends? Excuse me for mentioning it," she went on, looking up at him with a saucy smile, "you are old enough to be my father."

Moody's head sank on his breast. "I own it," he answered, bluntly. "But there is something to be said for me. Men as old as I am have made good husbands before now. I would devote my whole life to make you happy. There isn't a wish you could form which I wouldn't be proud to obey. You mustn't reckon me by years. My youth has not been wasted in a profligate life. I can be truer to you and fonder of you than many a younger man. Surely my heart is not quite unworthy of you, when it is all yours. I have lived such a lonely, miserable life, and you might so easily brighten it! You are kind to everybody else, Isabel. Tell me, dear, why are you so hard on me?"

His voice trembled as he appealed to her in those simple words. He had taken the right way at last to produce an impression on her. She really felt for him. All that was true and tender in her nature began to rise in her and take his part. Unhappily, he felt too deeply and too strongly to be patient, and to give her time. He completely misinterpreted the silence—completely mistook the motive that made her turn aside for a moment to gather composure enough to speak to him. "Ah!" he broke out, bitterly, turning away on his side, "you have no heart!"

She instantly resented those unjust words. At that moment they wounded her to the quick.

"You know best," she said. "I have no doubt you are right. Remember one thing, however, though I have no heart, I have never encouraged you, Mr. Moody. I have declared over and over again that I could only be your friend. Understand that for the future, if you please. There are plenty of nice women who will be glad to marry you, I have no doubt. You will always have my best wishes for your welfare. Good morning. Her ladyship will wonder what has become of me. Be so kind as to let me pass."

Tortured by the passion that consumed him, Moody obstinately kept his place between Isabel and the door. The unworthy suspicion of her, which had been in his mind all through the interview, now forced its way outward to expression at last.

"No woman ever used a man as you use me without some reason for it," he said. "You have kept your secret wonderfully well: but, sooner or later, all secrets get found out. I know what is in your mind as well as you know it yourself. You are in love with some other man."

Isabel's face flushed deeply; the defensive pride of her sex was up in arms in an instant. She cast one disdainful look at Moody, without trusting herself to express her contempt in words. "Stand out of my way, sir," that was all she said to him.

"You are in love with some other man," he reiterated, passionately. "Deny it if you can!"

"Deny it!" she repeated, with flashing eyes. "What right have you to ask the question? Am I not free to do as I please?"

He stood looking at her, meditating his next words, with a sudden and sinister change to self-restraint. Suppressed rage was in his rigidly set eyes, suppressed rage was in his trembling hand as he raised it emphatically while he spoke his next words.

"I have one thing more to say," he answered, "and then I have done. If I am not your husband, no other man shall be. Look well to it, Isabel Miller. If there is another man between us, I can tell him this—he shall find it no easy matter to rob me of you!"

She started, and turned pale; but it was only for a moment. The high spirit that was in her rose brightly in her eyes, and faced him without shrinking.

"Threats!" she said, with quiet contempt.

"When you make love, Mr. Moody you take strange ways of doing it. My conscience is easy. You may try to frighten me, but you will not succeed. When you have recovered your temper I will accept your excuses." She paused and pointed to the table. "There is the letter that you told me to leave for you when I had sealed it," she went on. "I suppose you have her ladyship's orders. Isn't it time you began to think of obeying them?"

The contemptuous composure of her tone and manner seemed to act on Moody with crushing effect. Without a word of answer the unfortunate steward took up the letter from the table. Without a word of answer he walked mechanically to the great door which opened on the staircase, turned on the threshold to look at Isabel, waited a moment, pale and still, and suddenly left the room.

That silent departure, that hopeless submission, impressed Isabel in spite of herself. The unstanched wound of injury and insult sank, as it were, from under her the moment she was alone. He had not been gone a minute before she began to be sorry for him once more. She was neither old enough nor experienced enough to understand the overwhelming revolution produced in a man's character by the fresh passion of love for the first time in the maturity of his life. If Moody had stolen a kiss at the first opportunity, she would have resented the liberty that he had taken with her; but she would have thoroughly understood him. His terrible earnestness, his overpowering agitation, his strange violence—all the evidences of a passion that was a mystery to himself—simply puzzled her. "I'm sure I didn't wish to hurt his feelings" (such was the form that her perplexities took in her present penitent frame of mind); "but why did he provoke me? It is a shame to tell me that I love some other man, when there is no other man. I declare I begin to hate the men, if they are all like Mr. Moody. I wonder whether he will forgive me when he sees me again? I'm sure I'm willing to forget and forgive on my side, especially if he won't recollect my having found fault with his temper. Oh, dear! I wish he would come back and shake hands. It's worth trying the patience of a saint to be reasonable this way. I wish I was ugly! The ugly ones have a quiet time of it—the men let them be. Mr. Moody! Mr. Moody!" She went out to the landing and called to him softly. There was no answer. He was no longer in the house. She stood still for a moment in sad vexation. "I'll go to Tommie," she decided. "I'm sure he's the most agreeable company of the two. And—oh dear! dear! there's Mr. Hardyman waiting to give me my instructions! How do I look, I wonder?"

She considered the glass once more, gave one or two corrective touches to her hair and cap, and hastened into the boudoir.

CHAPTER VI.

For a quarter of an hour the drawing room remained empty. At the end of that time the door of the boudoir broke up. Lady Lydiard led the way back to the drawing room, followed by Hardyman. Isabel being left to look after the dog. Before the door closed behind him Hardyman turned round to reiterate his last-minute directions, or, in plainer words, to take a last look at Isabel.

"Plenty of water, Miss Isabel, for the dog to lap, and a little bread or biscuit if he wants something to eat. Nothing more, if you please, till I see him to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir. I will take the greatest care——"

At that point Lady Lydiard cut short the interchange of instructions as civilities. "Just the door, if you please, Mr. Hardyman. I feel the draught. Many thanks! I am really at a loss to tell you how grateful fully I feel your kindness. But for you my poor little dog might have been dead by this time."

Hardyman answered, in the quiet, melancholy monotone which was habitual with him, "Your ladyship need feel no further anxiety about the dog. Only be careful not to overfeed him. He will do very well under Miss Isabel's care. By the by, her family name is Miller, is it not? Is she related to the Warwickshire Millers, of Burborough House?"

Lady Lydiard looked at him with an expression of satirical surprise. "Mr. Hardyman," she said, "this makes the fourth time you have questioned me about Isabel. You seem to take a great interest in my little companion. Don't make any apologies, pray. You pay Isabel a compliment; and as I am very fond of her, I am naturally gratified when I find her admired. At the same time," she added, with one of her abrupt transitions of language, "I had my eye on you and I had my eye on her when you were talking in the next room, and I don't mean to let you make a fool of the girl. She is not in your line of life, and she sooner you know it the better. You make me laugh when you ask if she is related to gentlefolks. She is the orphan daughter of a chemist in the country. Her relations haven't a penny to bless themselves with, except an old aunt, who lives in a village on two or three hundred a year. I heard of the girl by accident. When she lost her father and mother, her aunt offered to take her. Isabel said: 'No, thank you; I will not be a burden on a relation who has only enough for herself. A girl can earn an honest living if she tries, and I mean to try'—that's what she said. I admired her independence," her ladyship proceeded, ascending again to the higher regions of thought and expression. "My niece's marriage, just at that time, had left me alone in this great house. I proposed to Isabel to come to me as companion and reader for a few weeks, and to decide for herself whether she liked the life or not. We have never been separated since that time. I could hardly be fonder of her if she were my own daughter, and she returns my affection with all her heart. She has excellent qualities—prudent, cheerful, sweet-tempered; with good sense enough to understand what her place is in the world, as distinguished from her place in my regard. I have taken care, for her own sake, never to leave that part of the question in any doubt. It would be cruel kindness to deceive her as to her future position when she marries. I shall take good care that the man who pays his addresses to her is a man in her rank of life. I know but too well, in the case of one of my own relatives, what miserable unequal marriages bring with them. Excuse me for troubling you at this length on domestic matters. I am very fond of Isabel, and a girl's head is so easily turned. Now you know what her position really is, you can also know what limits there must be to the expression of your interest in her. I am sure we understand each other; and I say no more."

Hardyman listened to [illegible] who signs 'A Friend in Need,' has not reached me. No £500 bank note was in the cent when I broke the seal, and can certify to this statement if necessary. Not knowing Moody being forbidden to give me any information), I can only take this means of stating the case exactly as it stands, and hold myself at the disposal of the writer of this letter. My private address is at the head of the page.

SAMUEL BRADSTOCK,

"Rector St. Anne's, Deansbury, London."

Lady Lydiard dropped the paper on the table. For the moment, plainly as the rector's statement was expressed, she appeared to be incapable of understanding it. "What, in God's name, does this mean?" she asked.

The lawyer and the steward looked at each other. Which of the two was entitled to speak first? Lady Lydiard gave them no time to decide. "Moody," she said, sternly, "you took charge of the letter; I look to you for an explanation."

Moody's dark eyes flashed. He answered Lady Lydiard without caring to conceal that he resented the tone in which she had spoken to him.

"I undertook to deliver the letter at its address," he said. "I found it sealed, on the table. Your ladyship has the clergyman's written testimony that I handed it to him with the seal unbroken. I have done my duty, and I have no explanation to offer."

Before Lady Lydiard could speak again, Mr. Troy discreetly interfered. He saw plainly that his experience was required to lead the investigation in the right direction.

"Pardon me, my lady," he said, with that happy mixture of the positive and the polite in his manner of which lawyers alone possess the secret. "There is only one way of arriving at the truth in painful matters of this sort. We must begin at the beginning. May I venture to ask your lady-ship a question?"

Lady Lydiard felt the composing influence of Mr. Troy. "I am at your disposal, sir," she said, quietly.

"Are you absolutely certain that you inclosed the bank note in the letter?" the lawyer asked.

"I certainly believe I inclosed it," Lady Lydiard answered. "But I was so alarmed at the time by the sudden illness of my dog that I do not feel justified in speaking positively."

"Was anybody in the room with your ladyship when you put the inclosure in the letter, as you believe?"

"I was in the room," said Moody. "I can swear that I saw her ladyship put the bank note in the letter, and the letter in the envelope."

"And seal the envelope?" asked Mr. Troy.

"No, sir. Her ladyship was called away into the next room to the dog before she could seal the envelope."

Mr. Troy addressed himself once more to Lady Lydiard. "Did your ladyship take the letter into the next room with you?"

"I was too much alarmed to think of it, Mr. Troy. I left it here on the table."

"With the envelope open?"

"Yes."

"How long were you absent in the other room?"

"Half an hour or more."

"Ha!" said Mr. Troy to himself, "this complicates it a little." He reflected for awhile and then turned again to Moody. "Did any of the servants know of this bank note being in her ladyship's possession?"

"Not one of them," Moody answered.

"Do you suspect any of the servants?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Are there any workmen employed in the house?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any persons who had access to the room while Lady Lydiard was absent from it?"

"Two visitors called, sir."

"Who were they?"

"Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Felix Sweetsir, and the Honorable Alfred Hardyman."

Mr. Troy shook his head irritably. "I am not speaking of gentlemen of high position and repute," he said. "It's absurd even to mention Mr. Sweetsir and Mr. Hardyman. My question related to strangers who might have obtained access to the drawing room—people calling, with her ladyship's sanction, for subscriptions, for instance; or people calling with articles of dress or ornament to be submitted to her ladyship's inspection."

"No such persons came to the house, to my knowledge," Moody answered.

Mr. Troy suspended the investigation, and took a turn thoughtfully in the room. The theory on which his inquiries had proceeded thus far had failed to produce any results. His experience warned him to waste no more time on it, and to return to the starting point of the investigation—in other words, to the letter. Shifting his point of view, he turned again to Lady Lydiard, and tried his questions in a new direction.

"Mr. Moody mentioned just now," he said, "that your ladyship was called into the next room before you could seal your letter. On your return to this room, did you see the letter?"

"I was busy with the dog," Lady Lydiard answered. "Isabel Miller was of no use in the boudoir, and I told her to seal it for me."

Mr. Troy started. The new direction in which he was pushing his inquiries began to look like the right direction already. "Miss Isabel Miller," he proceeded, "has been a resident under your ladyship's roof for some little time, I believe?"

"For nearly two years, Mr. Troy."

"As your ladyship's companion and reader."

"As my adopted daughter," her ladyship answered, with marked emphasis.

Wise Mr. Troy rightly interpreted the emphasis as a warning to him to suspend the examination of her ladyship, and to address to Mr. Moody the far more serious questions which were now to come.

"Did any one give you the letter before you left the house with it," he said to the steward, "or did you take it yourself?"

"I took it myself, from the table here."

"Was it sealed?"

"Yes."

"Was anybody present when you took the letter from the table?"

"Miss Isabel was present."

"Did you find her alone in the room?"

"Yes, sir."

Lady Lydiard opened her lips to speak, and checked herself. Mr. Troy, having cleared the ground before him, put the fatal question.

"Mr. Moody," he said, "when Miss Isabel was instructed to seal the letter, did she know that a bank note was inclosed in it?"

Instead of replying, Robert drew back from the lawyer with a look of horror. Lady Lydiard started to her feet, and checked herself again on the point of speaking.

"Answer him, Moody," she said, putting a strong constraint on herself.

Robert answered very unwillingly. "I took the liberty of reminding her ladyship that she had left her letter unsealed," he said. "And I mentioned as my excuse for speaking"—he stopped and corrected himself—"I *believe* I mentioned that a valuable inclosure was in the letter."

"You believe?" Mr. Troy repeated. "Can't you speak more positively than that?"

"I can speak positively," said Lady Lydiard, with her eyes on the lawyer. "Moody did mention the inclosure in the letter, in Isabel Miller's hearing as well as in mine." She paused, steadily controlling herself. "And what of that, Mr. Troy?" she added, very quietly and firmly.

Mr. Troy answered quietly and firmly on his side. "I am surprised that your ladyship should ask the question," he said.

"I persist in repeating the question," Lady Lydiard rejoined. "I say that Isabel Miller knew of the inclosure in my letter, and I ask, What of that?"

"And I answer," retorted the impenetrable lawyer, "that the suspicion of theft rests on your ladyship's adopted daughter, and on nobody else."

"It's false!" cried Robert, with a burst of honest indignation. "I wish to God I had never said a word to you about the loss of the bank note! Oh, my lady! my lady! don't let him distress you! What does he know about it?"

"Hush!" said Lady Lydiard. "Control yourself, and hear what he has to say." She rested her hand on Moody's shoulder, partly to encourage him, partly to support herself, and fixing her eyes again on Mr. Troy, repeated his last words, "Suspicion rests on my adopted daughter, and on nobody else?" Why on nobody else?"

"Is your ladyship prepared to suspect the rector of St. Anne's of embezzlement, or your own relatives and equals of theft?" Mr. Troy asked. "Does a shadow of doubt rest on the servants? Not if Mr. Moody's evidence is to be believed. Who, to our own knowledge, had access to the letter while it was unsealed? Who was alone in the room with it? And who knew of the inclosure in it? I leave the answer to your ladyship."

"Isabel Miller is as incapable of an act of theft as I am. There is my answer, Mr. Troy."

The lawyer bowed resignedly and admitted the force of the assertion as finally disposing of the question of the lost bank note?" he inquired.

Lady Lydiard met the challenge without shrinking from it.

"No!" she said. "The loss of the bank note is known out of my house. Other persons may suspect this innocent girl as you suspect her. It is due to Isabel's reputation—her unstained reputation, Mr. Troy—that she should know what has happened, and should have an opportunity of defending herself. She is in the next room, Moody. Bring her here."

Robert's courage failed him; he trembled at the bare idea of exposing Isabel to the terrible ordeal that awaited her. "Oh, my lady!" he pleaded, "think again before you tell the poor girl that she is suspected of theft. Keep it a secret from her; the shame of it will break her heart."

"Keep it a secret," said Lady Lydiard, "when the rector and the rector's wife both know of it! Do you think they will let the matter rest where it is, even if I could consent to such a thing? Go, Moody! The longer you delay, the harder it will be."

With his head sunk on his breast, with anguish written in every line of his face, Moody obeyed. Passing slowly down the short passage which connected the two rooms, he paused, looking through the curtains which hung over the entrance to the boudoir.

CHAPTER VII.

The sight that met Moody's view wrung him to the heart.

Isabel and the dog were at play together. Among the varied accomplishments possessed by Tommie, the capacity to take his part at a game of hide-and-seek was one. His playfellow for the time being put a shawl or a handkerchief over his head, so as to prevent him from seeing, and then hid among the furniture a pocketbook, or a cigar case, or a purse, or anything else that happened to be at hand, leaving the dog to find it, with his keen sense of smell to guide him. Doubly relieved by the fit and the bleeding, Tommie's spirits had revived; and his and Isabel had just begun their game when Moody looked in to the room, charged with his terrible errand.

"You're turning, Tommie, you're turning!" cried the girl, laughing and clapping her hands. The next moment she happened to look round, and saw Moody through the parted curtains. His face warned her instantly that something serious had happened. She advanced a few steps, her eyes resting on him in silent alarm. He was himself too painfully agitated to speak. Not a word was exchanged between Lady Lydiard and Mr. Troy in the next room. In the complete stillness that prevailed the dog was heard sniffing and fidgeting about the furniture. Robert took Isabel by the hand and led her into the drawing room. "For God's sake, spare her, my lady!" he whispered. The lawyer heard him.

"No," said Mr. Troy. "Be merciful, and tell her the truth."

He spoke to a woman who stood in no need of his advice. The inherent nobility in Lady Lydiard's nature was roused; her great heart offered itself patiently to any sorrow, to any sacrifice.

Putting her arm round Isabel—half caressing her, half supporting her—Lady Lydiard accepted the whole responsibility and told the whole truth.

Reeling under the first shock, the poor girl recovered herself with admirable courage. She raised her head and eyed the lawyer without uttering a word. In its artless consciousness of innocence the look was nothing less than sublime. Addressing herself to Mr. Troy, Lady Lydiard pointed to Isabel. "Do you see guilt there?" she asked.

Mr. Troy made no answer. In the melancholy experience of humanity in which his profession condemned him, he had seen conscious guilt assume the face of innocence, and helpless innocence admit the disguise of guilt; the keenest observation in either case failing completely to detect the truth. Lady Lydiard misinterpreted his silence as expressing the sullen self-assertion of a heartless man. She turned from him in contempt, and held out her hand to Isabel.

Mr. Troy is not satisfied yet," she said, bitterly. "My love, take my hand, and look me in the face as your equal; I know no difference of rank at such a time as this. Before God, who hears you, are you innocent of the theft of the bank note?"

"Before God, who hears me," Isabel answered, "I am innocent."

Lady Lydiard looked once more at the lawyer, and waited to hear if he believed *that*.

Mr. Troy took refuge in dumb diplomacy—he made a low bow. It might have meant that he believed Isabel, or it might have meant that he modestly withdrew his own opinion into the background. Lady Lydiard appealed to him no further.

"This is over-trying this painful scene to an end, the letter," she said. "I shall be glad to avail myself of your professional assistance, Mr. Troy, within certain limits. Outside of my house I beg that you will spare no trouble in tracing the lost money to the person who has really stolen it. Inside of it, while I am here, I must positively request that the circumstances of the note may never be alluded to in any way whatever, until your inquiries have been successful in discovering the thief. In the meanwhile Miss Tollmidge and her family must not be sufferers by my loss. I shall pay the money again." She paused and pressed Isabel's hand with affectionate fervor. "My child," she said, "one last word to you, and I have done. You retain my confidence unshaken. You are dearer to me than ever. Never forget that."

But, I bend her head and kissed the kind hand that still held hers. The high spirit that was in her, inspired by Lady Lydiard's example, rose equal to the dreadful situation in which she was placed.

"No, my lady," she said, calmly and sadly, "it cannot be. What this gentleman has said of me is not to be denied—the appearances are against me. The letter was open, and I was alone in the room with it, and Mr. Moody told me that a valuable inclosure was inside it. Dear and kind mistress, I am not fit to be a member of your household, I am not worthy to live with the honest people who serve you, while my innocence is in [illegible] don't doubt it. I can wait patiently, after that, for the day that gives me back my good name. Oh, my good lady, don't cry about it! Pray, pray, don't cry!"

Lady Lydiard's self control failed her for the first time. Isabel's courage had made Isabel dearer to her than ever. She sank into a chair and covered her face with her handkerchief. Mr. Troy turned aside absently, and examined a Japanese vase, without, as he afterwards said, in his mind of what he was looking at. Lady Lydiard had gravely misjudged him in believing him to be a heartless man.

Isabel followed the lawyer, and touched him gently on the arm to rouse his attention.

"I have one relation living, sir—an aunt—who will receive me if I go to her," she said, simply. "Is there any harm in my going? Lady Lydiard will give you the address when you want me. Spare her ladyship, sir, all the pain and trouble that you can."

At last the heart that was in Mr. Troy asserted itself. "You are a fine creature!" he said, with a burst of enthusiasm. "I agree with Lady Lydiard: I believe you are innocent, too; and I will leave no effort untried to find the proof of it." He turned aside again, and took another look at the Japanese vase.

As the lawyer withdrew himself from observation, Moody approached Isabel.

Thus far he had stood apart, watching her and listening to her in silence. Not a look that had crossed her face, not a word that had fallen from her, had escaped him. Unconsciously on her side, unconsciously on his side, she now wrought on his nature with a purifying and ennobling influence which animated it with a new life. All that had been selfish and violent in his passion for her left him to return no more. The immoderable devotion which he laid at her feet in the days that were yet to come—the unyielding courage which cheerfully accepted the sacrifice of himself when events demanded it at a later period of his life—struck root in him now. Without attempting to conceal the tears that were falling fast over his cheeks, in his vain striving to express those new tho

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

Payable in ADVANCE, one year $1.00, six months, 5 0., three months, 75 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

A liberal discount is published at the rate of ninety per cent for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Contract for the year or for six or three months as may be agreed upon and will be furnished on application. Special notices in reading matter 15 cents each for first insertion, or ten cents per line; $30.00 each for six insertions. Resolutions of cards, not exceeding one inch $10.00 per year.

Local notices, ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion, two lines for 15 cents.

Obituaries over five lines, ten cents per line. Sample copies sent free.

Communications should be addressed to the publication office and be accompanied by the name of the writer.

L. KNOWLES,
S. Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., Feb 19, 1886.

TUESDAY was a gala day for the republicans that carried nearly every town of any importance in the state. Judge Pearson was re-elected recorder of Bradford by a decisive majority and both branches of the city council have a republican majority. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Scranton, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Norristown, Media, West Chester, Chambersburg, Harrisburg, Erie, Meadville and Titusville all went republican by large majorities. The results in Lancaster, Reading and Oil City were a stand off each party electing a portion of their ticket.

THE Department of Justice has not yet decided what course it will pursue in the case of Mormon Delegate Cannon, who has been elected by the people of Utah. The Mormons are in the majority in the territory and have elected Cannon by a large majority. Two years ago Mr. Cannon received over 30 votes more than were cast for any other candidate, but was counted out by the United States officials. The Mormons claim that they have a right to elect their own delegate and that the United States officials have no right to interfere with the election.

THE Department of Justice has not yet decided what course it will pursue in the case of Mormon Delegate Cannon, who has been elected by the people of Utah. The Mormons are in the majority in the territory and have elected Cannon by a large majority. Two years ago Mr. Cannon received over 30 votes more than were cast for any other candidate, but was counted out by the United States officials. The Mormons claim that they have a right to elect their own delegate and that the United States officials have no right to interfere with the election.

Lt. Gov. HARTRANFT has shot dead at the residence of his brother in law Hon Roscoe Conkling in N Y on Sunday night last at 10 o'clock in the 70th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was a cerebral division the usual price would be death in old age. Gov Hartranft was elected governor of Pa by a majority. Two years later Hunt was elected over him by the 2nd majority. Last year Beaver was re-nominated by a majority of 30,000 and was defeated by Curtin by 8,000 majority. He continued the stand of the majority in New York politics. Conkling, a power in the midst of civil war was in 1882 in the midst of civil war was again elected governor over Gen. James C. Wadsworth, the republican candidate by 10,702 majorities. In 1884 he was again renominated for governor but was defeated by Grover A. Benton by 7,749 majority. In 1885 he was made the standard bearer of the democratic party of the entire country to be nominated for the presidency. His death at the age of 56 was a shock to the entire country. Gen. Grant was striking 21 years of the shortest term of office of any president. Mr. Conkling was 50 years old. Mr. Cleveland is 48 years old. Mr. Conkling was a leading lawyer engaged in private practice and was a leading lawyer engaged in private practice and was a leading lawyer engaged in private practice and

McKean County Miner

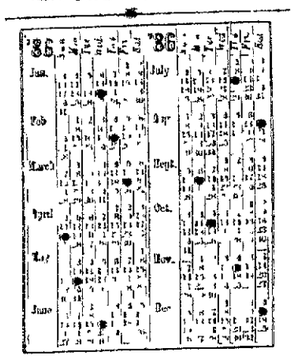
NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the paper stopped at the end of the time you will please notify us to that effect, otherwise we will consider it your wish to have it continued.

If you change your place of residence, and want the paper sent to your new address, please notify us of the change, and give your former as well as present address.

Smethport, Pa., Feb 19 1886



LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN

JUDAH MELISSA DUNN

[illegible]

Personal Mention.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

J G Hann, of Coleville, was a pleasant caller on Monday

Mrs. H L. Handle, is visiting her son Dank[illegible] Handle at East Smethport

Both the[illegible] popular Milford and the Hannah's house at Larrabee, enable us call Thursday.

Mrs. M I Rich, of DeKalb, Ill. is engaged in N Y. has been a guest of her uncle P Lent Esq in the place for [illegible]

[illegible] Esq. is engaged in his [illegible] Mr. Sellmeyer, Mr. [illegible] Esq. [illegible]

Mrs B K Stevens [illegible] Illinois, accompanied by Mrs. [illegible] Mrs. Stevens' parents Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Deans, arrived last week and will remain [illegible]

Mr H C [illegible] to see [illegible] the [illegible] sweet [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

[illegible] restores [illegible] Hall's Hair Renewer [illegible] to its natural color [illegible] scalp [illegible] prevent the hair from becoming thin, keeps dandruff away, and by its use the hair will grow thick and luxuriant. [illegible] it is not a dressing, because it gives the hair a healthy, vital glossy lustre, and [illegible] the hair [illegible] in its whatever form the wearer may desire. It is the cheapest of all, and it has been in use long enough to demonstrate its great merits to the public.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for [illegible] whiskers. When the beard is gray or colorless, or of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Inflammation, Heals Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste, Hearing & Smell. A quick & Positive Cure. HAY-FEVER

CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail or at the Agency. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N.Y.

HOTCHKIN CARRIAGE WORKS.

OUR No. 40 WAGON.

We manufacture Open and Top Buggies consisting of the Side Spring, End Spring, Brewster, Timken, and Edward Storm Springs.

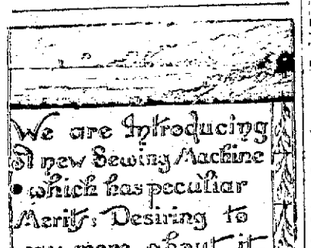
Also various styles of Two Seated Carriages, Wagons, Cutters and Sleighs.

Liberal discount to the trade.

Send for Catalogue and Prices before buying.

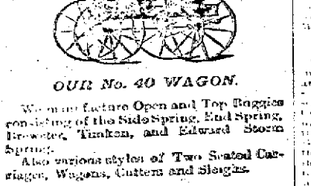
HOTCHKIN CARRIAGE WORKS,

Syracuse, N. Y.



A Present!

Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping, and name this paper, will receive free a Steel Finish Parlor Engraving of all our Presidents, including Cleveland, size 22x28 inches, worth $10.00. Address Elder Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.



OMNIBUSSES AND LIGHT SPRING WORK FOR Hotels & Livery.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR FIRE APPARATUS DEPARTMENT

WE MAKE Hose Reels, Hook & Ladder Trucks, Patrol Wagons, &c. And Fit Out Fire Departments Complete.

And good men of influence can make favorable arrangements with us.

HORTON & CO., 53, 55, 57 & 59 East 5th Street, CINCINNATI, O.

LEGAL.

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, PRESIDENT Judge, and the Hons. HENRY HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the court of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphan's Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date the 20th day of January, A. D. 1886, and to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 22d day of Feb., 1886, and to continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to all coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables, within the county of the said McKean, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which their offices appertain to be done; and those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of said county of McKean are to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Dated at Smethport, February 2, 1886, and in the 110th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

List of Petit Jurors.

Drawn for Court of Over and Terminer to be held the Fourth Monday of Feb. 1886.

Andrews, Seth—Liberty.
Ackerson, Robert—Otto, Summit.
Armour, W. C.—Bradford City.
Armour, J. W.—Bradford.
Anderson, Elias—Keating.
Booth & B. Corey.
Burdick, G. A.—Norwich.
Brundage, G. E.—Liberty.
Bowman, Peter—Port Allegany.
Booth, Benj.—Smethport.
Bradley, F. W.—Bradford city.
Bishop, C. W.—Liberty.
Butler, Walter—Annin.
Cotton, S. G.—Bradford city.
Culbertson, W. P.—Bradford city.
Conner, Albert—Otto, Kinfield.
Clark, John C.—Kendall.
Campbell, Wm.—Wetmore.
Dunbar, Robert—Liberty.
Davis, J. F.—Foster.
Day, H. B.—Corydon, Red Rock.
Degen, Jacob—Keating.
Easterbrooks, D. A.—Smethport.
Eaton, J. C.—Smethport.
Field, Wm.—Hamilton.
Franks, F.—Bradford city.
Gallup, E. J.—Liberty.
Gee, Geo.—Annin.
Hutchins, Patrick—Otto.
Hyde, G. A.—Bradford.
Hunter, Joseph—Liberty.
Hawkins, Herbert—Otto.
Hiller, Wm.—Otto.
Hopewell, W. A.—Eldred boro.
Haverly, C. E.—Keating.
Kirwin, Richard—Wetmore.
Mollart, Patrick—Otto, Kinfield.
McAdam, James—Otto, Oil Valley.
Martin, A.—Annin.
Nowlan, J. C.—Eldred boro.
O'Neil, John—Duke Centre.
Palmer, A.—Hamilton.
Porter, J. R.—Bradford city.
Randall, Frank—Duke Centre.
Randall, Daniel—Hamilton.
Ramer, Wm.—Smethport.
Sartwell, T. L.—Eldred boro.
Smedley, T.—Bradford city.
Taylor, A. W.—Sergeant.
Washburn, D.—Port Allegany.

DAVID A. BANNON, Sheriff.
DAVID MARTIN, Jury Comr's.
M. S. SHIELDS,
Attest: JNO. B. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 2d, 1886.

License Applications.

Petitions and applications for licenses for hotels, eating houses, saloons, or retail liquor dealers, with or without bowling alleys, billiard tables, or other devices, will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of said county, on the first Monday of March, A. D. 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the following persons, to be heard before the Court:

HOTEL LICENSES.

Allen.

J. H. Monk and T. A. Stanton, Butts House, Lafayette township.

John Carey, Brooklyn House, Lafayette township.

Annin.

J. M. Bean, Benjamin House, Railroad street, Keating township.

Bradford City, 1st Ward.

J. G. Robertson, Penn House, Nos. 107 and 109 Main street.

W. C. Hyde, Lyndon House, No. 36 Main st.

Thomas Cashman, Hotel Commercial, No. 12 north Main street.

John Fitzpatrick, Hotel Fitzpatrick, No. 1 Railroad street.

S. M. Bell, Bradford House, No. 6 Railroad street.

Samuel Dineen, Washington Hotel, No. 4, Railroad street.

Thomas Cashman, Hotel Commercial, No. 12 north Main street.

J. B. Rice, Hazleton House, corner Webster and Railroad streets.

Mrs. C. H. Douglass, Hotel Arcade, No. 2 Main street.

J. B. Black, Exchange Hotel, No. 10 Chamberlain street.

Mrs. Ellen Conroy, Hotel Bradford, No. 22 Main street.

John Curry, Bradford House, No. 19 Railroad street.

Thomas Cashman, Hotel Commercial, No. 12 north Main street.

Daniel O'Hern, O'Hern House, No. 24 Mechanic street.

Bradford Township.

Charles Weibl, Weibl Hotel, at Rixmya Junction.

Corydon.

Samuel Peters, Peters House, No. 1 Main st.

John Cooper, Cooper Hotel, on Warren st.

A. Zanetti, Corydon Hotel, N. W. corner of Bradford and Warren streets.

Ceres.

W. H. Evans, Grand Central Hotel, Ceres township.

A. Chapman, Dewaco House, Ceres township.

Duke Centre Borough.

George G. Ivers, Duke House, Main street.

L. M. Brooks, Hotel R. T. Salvage, Empire House, Main street.

Eldred Borough.

C. M. Cornman, Cornman House, Railroad street.

Eldred Township.

T. V. Carlisle, Carlisle House, Railroad st.

Foster Township.

Pardon Wescott, Foster Brook Park Hotel, at Foster Brook Station.

Hamlin.

L. J. Dana, Dana House, corner Main st. and Clarion branch R. R.

W. W. Brewer, Brewer House, at Mt. Jewett.

Keating.

H. O. Bromiller, Summit House, Kendall Post Office.

James Arthur, Arthur House, corner Main and Railroad streets, Mt. Jewett.

A. J. Martin, Martin House, Main st.

Kendall.

John H. Soules, P. A. Soules Hotel, East Smethport.

Rixford.

C. A. Mather, North House, Main street.

Rew Creek.

J. E. Swarthwood, Swarthwood House, Foster township, on Rew Creek.

Red Rock.

J. W. Jerome, Exchange Hotel, Foster township.

Smethport Borough.

Frank N. Taylor, Central Hotel.

R. S. Wetmore, Wetmore House, Main st.

Mrs. Catharine Hoehle, Main st.

Mrs. C. N. Fitch, Fitch House, Main st.

Florence K. Kelly, Kelly House, Main st.

LICENSES, Hotel and Tavern.

A. W. Bodine, Ward.

J. W. Bailey, Ward.

F. [illegible], Ward.

Mrs. [illegible], Ward.

Mrs. [illegible], Ward.

Mrs